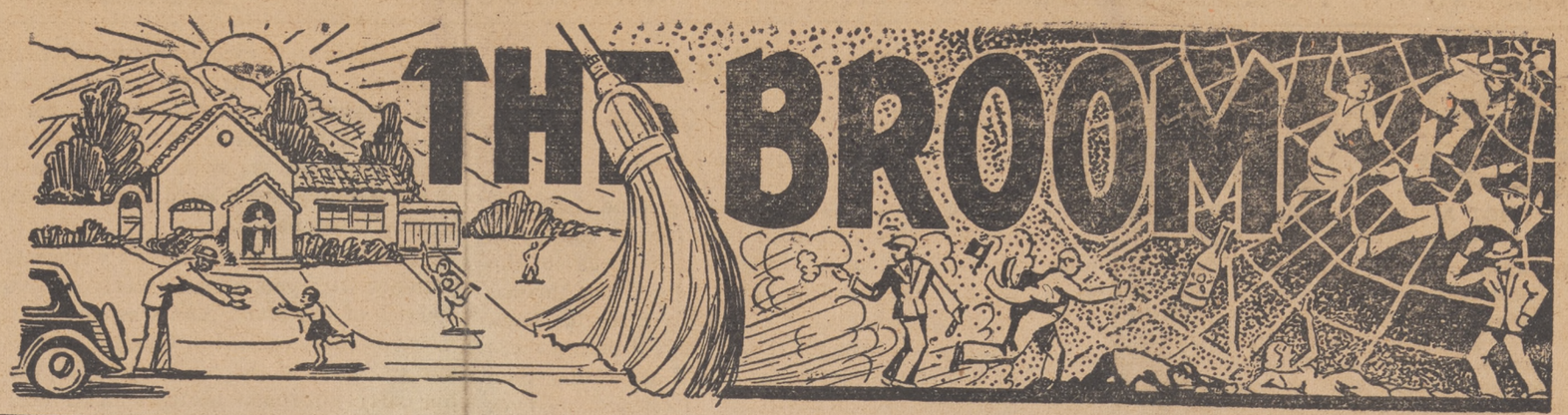
Strahlman, Dr. L. 11-2-42
411 Medico Dental Bldg.

"In hoc signo vinces."

Ain't it queer ? that God still rules supreme . . . . !

"I do solemnly swear that . . . I will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."
(The President's Oath)

Circulation this week 1750



VOLUME XII. No. 46. Phone: Randolph 2874 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1942. (Legal Newspaper) $2.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

"de Aryan for Congress"

(Radio Talk Over KGB, Thurs. Aug. 6, 1942)

By Mrs. Genevieve de Aryan

FRED—Mother, how does it happen that such important, prominent people appeared before Judge McCormick and testified that daddy is a good American editor and can be trusted to appear in court whenever needed, but nobody has put up bail to get him out of jail.

MOTHER—It does look funny—I see what you mean Fred, —but the people who testified for daddy were all from the legal profession and they are prohibited by law from going bail for anybody.

FRED—But when the leading judges say he is all right and that they know him, why don't other people help him?

MOTHER— Because they are afraid—the judges understand that your daddy is not charged with having committed sedition and they know the law. People who can not see thru these matters are afraid to help him, but the judges were not afraid.

FRED—(Making announcement) Since Judge McCormick stated that no charge lies against **The Broom** for sedition, anybody who wishes, may get their copy of the paper by calling at 3865 - 43rd Street, East San Diego.

FRED—With all those Judges testifying in open court as to dad's integrity, and loyalty as a citizen, why wasn't he released on his own recognizance?

MOTHER—Fred, I would rather not make any public comment on it. It does not seem, however, to have convinced the judge that your father would present himself in Washington for trial.

FRED—Mother, doesn't it sound awful when one reads in the papers that dad was ordered to stand trial in Washington, D. C. because the grand jury there charges him with criticizing public officials with intent of discrediting them and inciting the armed forces to disobedience.

MOTHER—It certainly does sound awful. For any American to conspire to betray his country and help the Axis against our own troops by demoralizing our troops is a most dastardly act. I asked your father what he had to say about it and he gave me this statement. This is a public statement written by Mr. C. Leon de Aryan in the County Jail at San Diego where he is being held a prisoner to be delivered to Washington for trial, having severely critized the present administration in Washington. Mr. de Aryan is well known in San Diego as the former editor of the Broom, a weekly paper, and as a radio commentator and debator in radio forums. He is at present a candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket:

"My dear fellow San Diegans. You know that I could not possibly have accepted the hospitality of this nation, coming here to find the opportunity for growth and expression of my ideals in life, because I could not live under the regime of European tyrants, and then go to work and conspire with Nazi agents to demoralize our own troops in war time in order that the Nazis and Japs might take over our own country. Why, men like myself would be the frist to be shot or murdered if the Nazi or Japs took our country. Fearless men who dare speak their minds freely are always persecuted, incarcerated or killed by tyrants who can not stand the light of truth and free comment. How could I possibly conspire with other editors and some Nazi agents to exchange the liberties we have so far enjoyed under our flag and constitution, for that of goose-stepping, Gestapo ridden Germans? Who would say that I am that crazy and wouldn't know what would happen to me under a Hitler, Jap or Communistic regime? My whole nature revolts against treachery. I have risked even my life, as you well know, to demonstrate that loyalty to our constitutional form of government, is the first duty of every American citizen. Why should I jeopardize all that to destroy everything I have been working for all my life? You know it cannot be. You who have had contact with me don't believe it. Judge Lloyd Griffin of the California Appellate Court does not believe it. He sent word to Judge McCormick thru my attorney Clifford Fitzgerald who informed Judge McCormick in open court that in Judge Griffin's estimation and experience Mr. de Aryan was a loyal citizen and could be trusted to appear in Washington on his own recognizance to stand trial.

That was also the substance of testimony of the Superior Court Judge Edward J. Kelly, former Judge Edgar Luce, and attorney Ed Hervey. Even the U. S. Commissioner George Baird attested that he also was inclined to join in such expression, but he qualified it by saying: "Mr. de Aryan would keep his promise to appear in court when needed, except if he thot that it would serve his cause better not to show up". This seems to have impressed Judge McCormick, in spite of the testimony of so many other prominent officials.

I want to call your attention to these facts. The grand jury in Los Angeles did not indict me after going into the details of charges against me. They could not find anything against me in Sacramento when the grand jury there had me before them. But a Washington, D. C. Jury who never called me to appear before them and explain my actions—that group of strange people took the word of my accusers, never heard my side of it, and upon such a charge, my freedom has been jeopardized. My career as editor of the Broom has been broken, and I am in jail like a criminal. Judge McCormick took much pains to make it clear to me that I am not charged with sedition nor charged with having published seditious matter in my paper, nor charged with having done anything to undermine the discipline of the armed forces of the U. S. except by mailing 2 copies of the Broom of June 15th and 22nd to a man in Washington upon request of a government agent. I want you to understand what is going on. I am supposed to have conspired with several Nazi agents and Jap agents to sell out this country, should the war come, by demoralizing the army and navy, and I am supposed to have started actively doing so by sending two papers to an unknown person upon request of a government agent. That gives the government the power to throw me in jail—keep me in jail for months, take me to Washington and try me among strangers, while I can not attend to my business as an editor and a candidate for congress. You can see the effect, can't you."

That is Mr. de Aryan's statement which he sent out from the County Jail in San Diego.

I am chairman of "de Aryan for Congress Committee". Please contact me if you wish to work for Mr. de Aryan's election. Chairman of "de Aryan Defense Fund"— send your contributions to Box 349, East San Diego, Calif.

I am still in search of a place to live, a two-bed room house. Do you know of anything? If so, kindly call me at R-2874.

Mutilation

WASHINGTON,— Price Administrator Leon Henderson has offended members of congress with his bureauocratic rulings on sugar and gasoline rationing. Their resentment explains why he may soon be switched to another job as appeasement to the political protesters. But only lately he has angered some of the president's downtown friends, and that means trouble.

A certain under secretary recently suggested to Leon a feasible outline for prolonging the life of tires. The method consisted of inserting an old shoe inside another one, riviting them together and making them work as a unit. Tried out on a few sample trucks, the process added 7000 miles to each one tested. Since Uncle Sam has millions of extra wheel covers, the plan provided the means to keep federal autos on the road for several years.

But the P. A., while admitting the practicability of the proposal, replied that the pinning violated his order against mutilation of rubber. Therefore, according to Leon, the operation was illegal. He never gave a thought, it appears, to revising his original decree.—Ray Tucker.

Abbey vs. de Aryan

Incidentally, a friend of James Hervey Johnson—Jimmy is also a contender for a seat in the House of Representatives—says that Johnson declared to him recently that he is saying nothing that will not reflect honor on Jim Abbey should the ex-district attorney receive the nomination at the polls in August. Which makes one regard the ex-assessor more tolerantly, anyway. Frankly, however, many are wondering how or what can be done to offset the powerful influences that are bound to promote "Izac's" candidacy? The real battle, it is believed, will be between Abbey and de Aryan. Can either of them finish? Let's hope so.

—North Shores Sentinel.

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40 Oldsmobile De Luxe	36 Dodge
39 Willys	36 Plymouth
40 Pontiac Torpedo	35 Nash
39 Oldsmobile	35 Ford
39 Chevrolet	34 Ford

TUDORS

41 Ford De Luxe	39 Ford
41 Plymouth	34 Buick
40 Chevrolet	34 Hudson
37 Chevrolet	33 Chevrolet
36 Chevrolet	33 Ford

COUPES

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40 Chevrolet	39 Olds Club
41 Willys	39 Chevrolet
40 Ford	37 Pontiac
40 Olds Club Convert.	37 Ford
40 Buick	37 Buick
39 Buick	35 Plymouth
39 Willys	34 Ford

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4674 Utah St., San Diego, California, Aug. 1, '42.

Dear Mr. de Aryan:

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 70 of the National Association of Letter Carriers, it was unanimously voted that the secretary be instructed to write to you and express our sincere thanks for the swell boost you gave us, and our need for an increase in pay.

The members of our branch were very much impressesd by the way in which you stated our case, and we think it is one of the best articles that has been written on the subject. We are, of course referring to the write-up you gave us in your paper, The Broom, a short time ago.

We feel that if we do get an increase in salary, which we do need, due to the rising cost of living, it will be in no small measure because of the interest and help of the people who have some medium of directly reaching the public. We feel that we may include you among those who are friendly to us.

In sincere appreciation for the help you have given us, I am,

Very sincerely yours, N. H. SISSON, Secty'
Branch No. 70, N. A. L. C.

"Do you like your new baby sister, Bobby?"
"Oh yes, she's all right. But there are lots of things we need more."

To Check on Autos Without $5 Stamp

Warning has been issued by Nat Rogan, collector of internal revenue for Southern California, that strict enforcement of the Motor Vehicle Use Tax law is planned by his office in the immediate future. Persons failing to purchase the $5.00 Federal Auto Stamp will be subject to all penalties provided by the Act.

Conferences are now being held in Los Angeles to determine the exact date on which a survey will be made of all Southern California automobiles with a view to determining those cars which do not have the red auto stamp affixed.

Vehicle owners are now able to purchase stamps only at the Revenue Offices in Los Angeles and San Diego.

Collector Rogan also stated according to his reports that while a vast majority of all Southern California vehicle owners have already purchased their stamps, there were enough delinquencies to warrant a vigorous campaign of prosecution.

WOODEN CARPET SWEEPERS—MAYBE

Mrs. America of the future probably will go about her household chores with wooden carpet sweepers and dustpans. Wartime shortages are expected to affect washday practices. Perhaps we'll be returning to the exclusive use of the old fashioned all wood clothespin. Wash basins, dish pans and sugar and flour containers of crockery may be substitutions for items with more critical materials.

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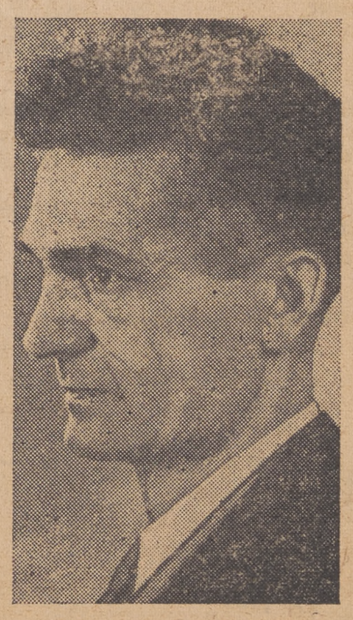

C. LEON de ARYAN
. . . announces candidacy

"de Aryan for Congress" Radio Program every THURSDAY afternoon at 5 o'clock over KGB (1360).

(Political Advertisement)

THE BROOM

"NOT AFRAID TO TELL THE TRUTH"
PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY

Published at 3865 - 43rd St., San Diego, California
Subscription $2.50 per year; $1.30 for 6 Months
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Mrs. Genevieve de Aryan, Owner
Roy O. Akers, Managing Editor and Publisher

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There Must Be A U. S. Victory !

By Roy O. Akers

That there must be an absolute and just victory for the United States of America in this world-wide conflict, is most obvious to all true American-loving citizens, how anyone posing as true-lovers of our American freedom, which includes freedom of speech and freedom of the press, can think otherwise, is beyound me, and if I did not think that C. Leon de Aryan thought and acted for such an accomplishment, I most certainly would not make this attempt to keep The Broom alive, except for purely commercial reasons and purposes, and in such an event it would of course have to be entirely divorced from the name 'de Aryan', that is, as I have said, that if he were not considered to be **strictly** loyal to the ideals of our Constitutional democratic-republican form of representative government, and to defend this said government, the United States of America, from all enemies what-so-ever, both from without and from within our borders.

Whom-so-ever puts **any** other country above the United States of America, and accepts the protection and freedom as an American citizen or otherwise, of this country at the same time, is a traitor and should be summarily dealt with.

I do not think that C. Leon de Aryan is such an individual, and until and unless I am convinced otherwise, I will lend him what aid that lies within my power to assist him in this his hour of tribulation.

At Mother's Knees

A ROCKET TRIP TO SHANGRI-LA

By C. Leon de Aryan

When Ann spoke her cutting mind, bringing home to Gladys what I had tried to convey to her before, that my interest in her was not the female, but the awakening soul, I was thrown back into the sphere of earthly discord. Here Gladys had brought it with her, thinking more of her "feminine" looks in old age rather than the essentials of life itself. I opened my eyes and sat up erect: "Mother, if you don't mind, you and Gladys better have your session by yourselves. I came here to get away from all that. May I now go to bed, I simply cannot keep my head up, I am so tired".

Gladys, poor girl, was startled and one could see her effort to keep her tears back. Ann picked her up from the floor and pressed her in the place vacated by me. She put her cheek to her's. "You see, Gladys, how much work we have to do yet. You couldn't find a better friend in the world than he is, but he has his limitations, he must get his rest or else he cracks". And turning to me: "Use mother's own bed, the guest rooms are all filled. I'll take this girl around now and explain things to her so she will realize the fundamental differences between her world and ours. Have a sweet rest".

"Oh, mother, that's a treat. Glad they all came and took the guest rooms". Half asleep, yet, I left the two women. And how I wished she could wake up the girl, but there is no use forcing one's unfoldment, immaturity is the greatest danger. Ease comes only when life takes its own good time to bring us face to face with our opportunities. Of course I asked Gladys later on to recount her visit with mother, which she did in her own inimmitable fashion that always fills me with wonder, for the girl has such a keen sense of perception and sees things from an angle so new to me; instead of me teaching her I learn from her. And this is what happened . . . .

"You must not mind Kosti's outbursts of impatience with you, he is so worn down with the worries of the war", Ann was saying, stepping towards the veranda. Gladys followed her and the view of the landscape with the sun in his early afternoon position filled her with a sense of super-naturalness as if she were dreaming it all. It was hard on the poor kid, even though she would not have missed it for the world. One moment to be reminded abruptly that her female vanity created discord and the next to be confronted with such a gorgeous example of female perfection in Ann, in the setting of that veranda, at the bottom of a valley, rich with vegetation and an atmposphere that was literally heaven. One experiences such instances briefly on earth during times of great religious festivals when the people reach up into divine spheres for some instants, as on Easter morning, or Christmas eve, joined in a common feeling of reverence and regard for one another, but here she was immersed in the continuity of it all with herself having introduced the sole discordant note, immediately rebuked by the man whose guest she was, and his leaving the room to get away from it.

"It is hard on the boy, darling", said mother. "That's why he is here today and I asked that you be brought over with him. You can see how near the cracking point he is."

"Who is he anyway?" asked Gladys. "I really know very little about him. We met by coincidence and his words, even voice, held my attention, so I decided to find out more about him."

"He used to be one of our librarians, a research engineer, before we sent him out into the world again for this span of earthly existence. His head is an encyclopedia of fundamental principles and varieties of what scientists call natural laws or functions. His mission is to establish a nucleus of peace-thought that would break through the crust of barbarism and effectively serve as a channel for the materialization of divine consciousness in the flesh, so that humanity and society may pattern after such example. You can well imagine what tough sledding he has with this war engulfing him, so the strain is superhuman and unless he can find associates who are devoted as he is, he is bound to break down."

"He was in a terrible shape when he met me, and my folks are all against him. I myself don't know at times what to make of him."

"That's only natural. You are keyed to look at him and events from the material angle and there is almost no materialization of true peace and real human beings on earth. You are yet in the state of a menagerie. There is none of that in him. He took the vow of poverty and has no other possessions except the means for functioning. Material minds can hold no high opinion of him. That is his protection."

"Really, Ann, I was surprised how familiar and intimate he is with you and now he went to sleep in your bed; that would seem outrageous to us and people would gossip."

"Child, that man has been in our household for thousands of years. While your memory reaches back only to your immediate childhood, we know each other for hundreds of incarnations past. We have private property by default, because we respect each other's will and inclination and would not think of depriving anyone of the things he cherishes or needs, on the contrary, we would offer them the possession of it, should one want them. To make our loved ones happy is the power of life. The few moments of rest he snatches in my company must last him for months and years at times, to keep him going while battling with the human menagerie on earth. It's the essence of love that keeps him erect, and it is joy to us to let him feel how much we love him. Why should I deprive him of the pleasure of feeling my atmosphere around him, even while asleep in my own bed? He has enough brutality and evil thought to harrass him in his work, here he finds and gets only purity of how men and women in our household regard and treat each other."

"Look, Ann, lightning," Gladys pointed to the far side of the valley where the mountain towered. The sky was black with clouds there and a storm was raging. "How lovely it is here, and how dark there."

"Our control stations regulate the weather in this valley. The same principle which we are using in the propulsion of the rocket you came in. It's all done by compressed air and elctromagnetic charges and discharges of the atomizers."

"Do you really control the weather?"

"Why, of course. Originally we created this planet and all there is on it, so why should we not control it? By using the principle of selection & centralization we can get any results desired. In America only recently that frozen gases have been put to use in the form of dry ice, in combination with sunlight humanity has the secret and the means of weather production. But as long as they use everything to murder each other we are slow in disclosing further natural secrets. But we use them here."

"Ann, tell me, how is it that aviators never discovered this valley? It is not charted on our maps in America."

"They'll never find it, just as they can never find peace on earth. You are young yet, my child and your memory does not even reach back to what Americans call the first world war, you were not born then, but on earth people don't appreciate peace, till after they murdered each other and destroyed each other's possesions, then they proclaim what they call peace or cesssation of hostilities, which is nothing but a temporary armistice to get ready for the next war. So, in truth, they never have peace, nor tasted it. What peace they get, their souls experience it momentarily and in flashes when they sacrifice their lives to do some good to somebody and by that time they are out of the body. Thus they look for heaven and peace and God, elsewhere, not on earth and they never find it, because they never introduced it, never materialized it. As I told you, we created, we produced, we built this planet and all there is on it. Here we have peace in our valley, because we materialize it and live it."

"But what is to prevent an aviator from descending here and finding you?"

"Well, Gladys, I'll put it to you forcibly. You had an experience of it yourself. You will see the connection and the way it works. Kosti is our envoy of peace and regards for human rights. You and your people really prefer not to have him around. It's strange and alien to them, the atmosphere in which he moves, they want none of it. Result: Even though you and they met him in the flesh, repulsion set in immediately. So when any of your aviators come near our valley, the spiritual repulsion sets the etheric correspondencies into operation on the principle of sympathy. Your minds produce wars and destruction, the discord of it, when such minds are nearing our control stations, immediately creates terrific atmospheric changes, like that black storm you see over there over the mountain range. No airplane or contrivance will ever be built that can find its way and land here through such a storm, for we would automatically be notified by our apparatus of the approach of the "enemy" and simply barrage him with electro-magnetic waves that would confound all his means of direction finding and if he persisted he would find himself wrecked against a mountain precipice, having committed suicide in his foolhardiness of attempting to force entrance here. As a disembodied entity, then, we would welcome him here and give him his first lesson in respecting the sovereign rights of a freedom loving people. That is why nobody, but our own kind can ever locate the valley of the White Lodge (Shangri-La) on earth."

(To Be Continued)

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DATE CORRECTION

In the July 27th, 1942 issue of The Broom, the date in the editorial, concerning past performances of The Broom and its former editor, and the non-mailability of past issues, the date should have read **July** 27, and not June.

Mrs. Helen J. Kenworthy, 1011 South Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, the renowned Healer among many Healers, can Heal You at a distance, for God is ALL and IN ALL. —Adv.

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"Let us have faith that Right makes Might".—Lincoln.

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 30510

Estate of Allen Barry, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Chester D. Gunn, as the Administrator of the above named Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, that within six months after the first publication of this notice, they either file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Diego, or present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Chester D. Gunn, at his place of business to-wit, 22 Court House, San Diego, California.

Signed, Chester D. Gunn, as Administrator of said estate.

Dated at San Diego this 10th day of July, 1942.

Thomas Whelan
By Robert E. Jenson.
Attorneys for said Administrator.
Date of first and last publications, July 13; Aug. 10, 1942.

SUMMONS

In The Superior Court of the State of California, In and For The County of San Diego
No. 108600

Iona Frances Stephens, Plaintiff, vs. George Stephens, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of San Diego, and the Complaint filed in said County of San Diego, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greetings: To George Stephens, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer to a Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Diego, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court of the County of San Diego, State of California, this 1st day of June, 1942.

J. B. McLees, Clerk..
(Seal of Superior Court)
Henry W. Hache,
415 Spreckels Bldg.
San Diego, Calif.
Attorney.
Date of first and last publications, July 20, Sept. 21, 1942.